This world!

Ever been in something
But you didn’t know?
Ever been mad
But you didn’t show?
Ever felt different
And it didn’t flow?
Ever felt high
But you were still low?
Ever been in the dark
But thought you could glow?

Sometimes words,
Don’t describe the anger or the pain
And sometimes feel like
There is no blood in the vein.
But afterwards you show
That the problem is the main
And it got
Your whole mind drained.

You decide,
And don’t go right
Thought you would go left
But lost your own sight
Going so fast
Looked like you took flight
Going after the person
And BAAM there’s the fight.

Soon I will try,
And try to change it all
I don’t want people like the seasons,
Because then we would fall

Being called names,
And tell them “just stop”
No need to fight back
Just know that they have dropped.

It can be many reasons
Race, age, height, many more
Don’t feel like there’s not a basket
With your talent you will score
It can be many people
One, two, three, or even four
People wonder why try to help
Like what is this for?

Being in a problem
But not knowing why it’s you
Being so young
That you didn’t know it’s true
Then the next day
The people get their crew
I find out, while my sister wonders

“Am I supposed to be hurt too?”

Taking $19.00
From a five year old girl
It’s like taking an acorn
From a sweet little squirrel

I’m putting my sister
Up on my back
I’m trying to help her
Get back on track
My little girl
In this world that is whack.

My little girl
Met the cold
As she is growing
I hope she becomes bold
 Doesn’t listen to me much
Because she thinks I’m old
But she knows this world’s ugly
Just as ugly as a mole.